

WRONGS WE CAN NEVER UNDO.

BY DELLA M. MARION.

I have come home to you, mother. Father, your
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Since I left you, father, to work the farm alone,
And bought a stock of liquors with what I called
my own.

I've been ashamed to see you; I knew it broke you
down.
To think you had brought up a boy to harm his
native town.

I've given it all up, mother; I'll never sell it
more;
I've smashed the racks and barrels, I've shut and
locked the door.

I've signed the temperance pledge—the women
stood and sang.
The clergymen gave three hearty cheers, and all
the church bells rang.

But one thing seemed to haunt me, as I came home
to you;
Of all the wrongs that I have done, not one can I
undo.

There's old Judge White, just dropping into a
drunkard's grave;
I've pushed him down with every drop of brandy
that I gave.

And there's young Tom Eliot—was such a trusty
lad;
I made him drink the first hot glass of rum he ever
had.

Since then he drinks night after night, and acts a
ruffian's part.
He has ruined his little sister, and broke his
mother's heart.

And there's Harry Warner, who married Bessie
Hyde;
He struck and killed her baby, when it was sick,
and died.

I tried to act indifferent, when I saw the women
come;
There was Ryan's wife, whose children, skinned
and starved at home.

He'd paid me, that same morning, his last ten cents,
for drink;
And when I saw her poor pale face, it made me
start and shiver.

So I have come back, father, to the home that gave
me birth;
And I will plow and sow and reap the gifts of
mother earth.

Yes, if I prove a good son now, and worthy of you
two,
My heart is heavy with the wrongs I never can
undo.
—Detroit Tribune.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was no-
body knew nor did anybody care, par-
ticularly. He purchased for cash only,
and he never grumbled at the price of
anything that he wanted; who could
ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered
how, when it had been fully two years,
since the Colonel, with every one else,
abandoned Duck Creek to the Chinese,
he managed to spend money freely, and
to lose considerable at cards and horse
races. In fact, the keeper of that one
of the two Challenge Hill saloons which
the Colonel did not patronize was once
heard to absent-mindedly wonder
whether the Colonel hadn't a money-
mill somewhere where he turned out
double eagles and "slugs" (the Coast
name for fifty-dollar gold pieces).

When so important a personage as a
bar-keeper indulged publicly in an idea
the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like
good Californians everywhere, consid-
ered themselves in duty bound to give
grave consideration, so for a few days
certain industrious professional gen-
tlemen, who won money of the Colonel,
carefully weighed some of the brightest
pieces and tested them with acids and
tasted them and saved them in two and
retrieved them and melted them up and
had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindica-
tion of the Colonel, and a loss of con-
siderable custom to the indiscreet bar-
keeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a
man as had ever been known at Chal-
lenge Hill, but being mortal, the
Colonel had his occasional times of des-
pondency, and one of them occurred
after a series of races in which he had
staked his all on his own bay mare
Tispie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved
animal he failed to heed the aching void
of his pockets, and drinking deeply,
swearing eloquently, and glaring de-
dantly at all mankind, were equally un-
productive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized
most feelingly with the Colonel; they
were unceasing in their invitations to
drink, and they even exhibited consid-
erable Christian forbearance when the
Colonel savagely dissented with every
one who advanced any proposition, no
matter how incontrovertible.

But unappreciated sympathy grows
decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it
was with a feeling of relief that the
boys saw the Colonel stride out of the
saloon, mount Tispie, and gallop fur-
iously away.

Riding on horseback has always been
considered an excellent sort of exercise,
and fast riding is universally admitted
to be one of the most healthful and de-
lightful means of exhilaration in the
world.

But when a man is so absorbed in his
exercise that he will not stop to speak
to a friend, and when his exhilaration
is so complete that he turns his eyes
from well-meaning thumbs pointing
significantly into doorways through
which a man has often passed while
seeking bracing influences, it is but
natural that people should express some
wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy
Flat, Cone Hand, Blazers, Murderer's
Bar, and several other villages through
which he passed, and as no one had
been seen to precede him, betting men
were soon offering odds that the Colonel
was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong,
but they won all the money that had
been staked against them, for within
half an hour's time there passed over
the same road an anxious-looking in-
dividual, who reined up in front of the
principal saloon of each place, and
asked if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that
he was followed, and by whom, there

would have been an extra election held
at the latter place very shortly after,
for the pursuer was the constable of
Challenge Hill, and for constables and
all officers of the law the Colonel pos-
sessed hatred of unspeakable intensity.

On galloping the Colonel, following
the stage road, which threaded the old
mining camp on Duck creek; but sud-
denly he turned abruptly out of the
road, and urged his horse through the
pines and bushes, which grew thickly
by the road, while the constable gal-
loped rapidly on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through
the thicket into which the Colonel had
turned, but Tispie walked between the
trees and shrubs as if they were the fa-
miliar objects of her own stable-yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes
shouted:
"What's up?"
"Business—that's what," replied the
Colonel.

"It's time," replied the voice, and its
owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged
from the bushes and stroked Tispie's
nose with the freedom of an old ac-
quaintance. "We ain't had a nip since
last night, and that ain't a cracker or a
handful of flour in the shanty. The
old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully,
"lost every blasted race. 'Twasn't her
fault, bless her, she done her level best.
Everybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All ben
a prayin' for yer to turn up with the
rocks, an' somethin' with more color
than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way and Tispie and
the Colonel followed, and the trio sud-
denly found themselves before a small
log hut, in front of which sat three
solemn, disconsolate individuals, who
looked appealingly at the Colonel.

"Mac'll tell yer how 'twas, fellers,"
said the Colonel meekly, "while I
picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a very
few moments, but when he returned
each of the four were attired in pistols
and knife, while Mac was distributing
some dominoes, made from a rather
dirty flour bag.

"Taint so late ez all that, is it?" in-
quired the Colonel.
"Better be an hour ahead than miss
it this're night," said one of the four.

"I ain't been so thirsty since I come
'round the Horn in '50, an' we run short
of water. Somebody'll git hurt, if the
ain't no bitterns on the old concern—
they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore
they're hatched, Perk," said one of
the party, as he adjusted the Colonel
under the rim of his hat. "S'posin'
ther' shud be too many for us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remon-
strated the Colonel. "Nobody ever
gets along if they 'low 'emself to be
skered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and
thinnest man of the party. "The
Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout
that. I disremember exactly how it
goes; but I've heard Parson Buzzy,
down in Maine, preach a ripplin' old ser-
mon many a time. The old man never
thort what a comfort them sermons was
a goin' to be to a road agent, though."

That time we stopped Slim Mike's
stage, an' he didn't hev no more man-
ners than to draw on me, them sermons
wuz a perfect blessin' to me—the
thought of 'em cleared my head as
quick as a cocktail. An—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's
pious strain," interrupted the Colonel;
"but ez ez Old Black that's a drivin'
to-day instid of Slim Mike, an' ez Old
Black ollers makes his time, hedn't he
better vamoose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily
closed and the men filed through the
thicket until near the road, when they
marched rapidly on in parallel lines
with it. After about half an hour,
Perkins, who was leading, halted and
wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt
sleeve.

"Fur enough from home now," said
he. "Taint no use bein' a gentleman
ef yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the
Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll drive
'em, Logroller, 'tend to the driver,
Crunk takes the boot, an' Mack an'
Perk takes right and left. An—I know
its tough—but considerin' how ever-
lastin', eternally hard up we are I reck-
on we'll hev to ask contributions from
the ladies, too, if there's any aboard—eh,
boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with
a chuckle that seemed to inspire even
his black domino with a merry twinkle
or two. "What's the use of women's
rights if they don't ever have a chance
ov exercisin' 'em. Hevin' their purses
borrowed 'ud show 'em the hull doc-
trine in a bran new light."

"They're treacherous critters, women
is," remarked Cranks; "some of 'em
might put a knife into a feller while he
wuz apologizin'."

"Ef you're afraid ov 'em," said Per-
kins, "you ken go back an' clear up the
shanty."

"Reminds me of what the Bible sez,"
said Logroller; "ther's a lion on the
trail; I'll be chewed up, sez the lazy gal-
oot, or words to that effect."

"Come come, boys," interposed the
Colonel, "don't mix religion and biz-
ness. They don't mix no more than—
Hello, that's the crack of old Black's
whip! pick yer bushes—quick! All
jump when I whistle?"

Each man secreted himself near the
roadside. The stage came swinging
along handsomely; those inside were
laughing heartily about something, and
Old Black was just giving a delicate
touch to the flank of the off leader,
when the Colonel gave a shrill quick
whistle, and five men sprang into the
road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if
there was a matter of common occurrence,
Old Black dropped the reins, crossed
his legs, and stared into the sky, and
the passengers all put out their heads
with rapidity equalled only by that
with which they withdrew them as they
saw the dominoes and revolvers of the
road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter,
gentlemen," said the Colonel, blandly,
as he opened the door. "Won't you
please get out? Don't trouble yourself
to draw, 'coz my friend here's got his
weapon cocked, an' his fingers is rather
nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief how-
ever?" asked he of the first passenger
who descended from the stage. "Hev?
Well now, that's lucky. Just put yer
hands behind you please—so—that's

it." And the unfortunate man was se-
curely bound in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treat-
ed with similar courtesy, and the Colonel
and his friends examined the pockets
of the captives. Old Black remained
unmolested for who ever heard of a
stage-driver having money?

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his
brother agents aside, and comparing
receipts, "taint much of a haul; but
there's one woman, an' she's old enough
to be a feller's grandmother. Better
let her alone, eh?"

"Like enough she'll pan out more
than all the rest of the stage put togeth-
er," growled Cranks, carefully testing
the thickness of the case of a gold
watch. "Just like the low-lived de-
ceitfulness of some folks, to hire an old
woman to carry their money, so it'd go
safer. Mabbie what she has got ain't
nothing to some folks' thet's got hoses
that kin win 'em money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the con-
versation, and approached the stage.
He was very chivalrous, but Crank's
sarcastic reference to Tispie needed
avenging, and as he could not consist-
ently with business arrangements put
an end to Cranks, the old lady would
have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said
the Colonel, raising his hat politely
with one hand while he opened the coach
door with the other, "but we're taking
up a collection for some deserving ob-
ject. We wuz a-goin' to make the gen-
tlemen fork over the hull amount, but
ez they hain't got enough, we will hev
to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her
pocket-book, and raised her veil. The
Colonel looked up into her face, slam-
med the door, and sitting down on the
hub of one of the wheels, stared vac-
antly into space.

"Nothing?" queried Perkins in a
whisper, and with a face full of genuine
sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel dream-
ily. "This is, untie 'em, and let the
stage go ahead," he continued, spring-
ing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the
cabin." And the Colonel dashed into
the bushes and left his followers so
paralyzed with astonishment that Old
Black afterward remarked that "ef
ther'd been anybody to hold the horses
he could hev cleaned the hull crowd
with his whip."

"The passengers, now relieved of
their weapon, were unbound, allowed
to enter the stage and the back door
was slammed, upon which Old Black
picked up his reins as coolly as if he
had laid them down at a station where
horses were being changed, then he
cracked his whip and the stage rolled
off, while the Colonel's party hastened
back to their hut, fondly inspecting
as they went certain packs they had
obtained while transacting their busi-
ness with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road
agents as they entered their hut, for
there stood the Colonel in a clean
white shirt and in a suit of clothing
made up from the limited spare ward-
robes of the other members of the gang.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily
subordinated his wonder to his pruden-
ce, as, laying on the table a watch,
two pistols, a pocket-book and a heavy
purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, bizness before
pleasure; let's divide an' scatter. Ef
anybody should hear 'bout it, an' find
our trail, an' ketch the traps in our
possession, they might—"

"Divide?" queried Perkins, who re-
plied the Colonel, with abruptness and a great
oath. "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing
his own domino and looking anxiously
into the leader's face, "be you
sick? Here's some bully brandy I
found in one of the passenger's pocket-
ets."

"I hain't nothin'," replied the Colo-
nel with averted eyes. "I'm goin', and
I'm a retirin' from this bizness forever."
"Ain't a-goin' to turn evidence?"
cried Cranks, grasping the pistol on the
table.

"I'm a-goin' to make a lead-mine of
you ef you don't take that back!"
roared the Colonel, with a bound,
which caused Cranks to drop the pis-
tol, and retire precipitately forward,
apologizing as he went. "I'm goin'
to tend to my own bizness, an' that's
enough to keep any man bizzzy.
Somebody lend me \$50 till I see him
agin."

Perkins pressed the money into the
Colonel's hand, and within two minutes
the Colonel was on Tispie's back, and
galloped on in the direction the stage
had taken.

He overtook it, he passed it, and still
he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the
Colonel well, and made it a rule never
to be astonished at anything he did;
but they made an exception to the rule
when the Colonel canvassed the prin-
cipal bar-rooms for men who wished to
purchase a horse; and when a gambler
who was flush obtained Tispie in ex-
change for twenty slugs—only a thou-
sand dollars—when the Colonel had al-
ways said that there wasn't gold
enough on the top of the ground to buy
her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided
sensation.

One or two enterprising persons
speedily discovered that the Colonel
was not in a communicative mood;
so everyone retired to his favorite
saloon and bet according to his own
opinions of the Colonel's motives and
actions.

But when the Colonel, after remain-
ing in a barber-shop for half an hour,
emerged with his face clean-shaven and
hair neatly trimmed and parted, bet-
ting was so wild that a cool-headed sport-
ing man speedily made a fortune by bet-
ting against every theory that was ad-
vanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the
stores and fitted himself with a new suit
of clothes, carefully eschewing all of
the generous patterns and pronounced
colors so dear to the average miner. He
bought a new hat, and put on a pair of
boots, and pruned his finger-nails, and,
stranger than all, he mildly declined all
invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood in the door of
the principal saloon, where the stage
always stopped, the Challenge Hill con-
stable was seen to approach the Colonel
and tap him on the shoulder, upon
which all men who bet that the Colonel
was dodging somebody claimed the

stakes. But those who stood near the
Colonel heard the constable say:
"Colonel, I take it all back, an' I
own up fair an' square. When I seed
you git out of Challenge Hill it come to
me all of a sudden that you might be
in the road agent business, so I follered
you—duty you know. But when I seed
you tell Tispie I knowed I was on the
wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you
now if all the stages in the State wuz
robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction
any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel with
a smile. The constable afterward said
that nobody had any idea of how cur-
iously the Colonel smiled when his
beard was off. "Give this fifty to Jim
Perkins fast time yer see him. I'm
leavin' the State."

Suddenly the stage pulled up at the
door with a crash, and the mail passen-
gers hurried into the saloon in a state
of utter indignation, and impecuni-
osity.

The story of the robbery attracted
everybody, and during the excitement
the Colonel slipped out quietly and
opened the door of the stage. The old
lady started and cried:
"George!"

And the Colonel jumped into the
stage and put his arms tenderly about
the trembling form of the old lady, ex-
claiming:
"Mother!"

The Truth of History.
(Washington Cor., Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

We all know Carpenter's picture of
the "Signing of the Emancipation
Proclamation." Lincoln, with his sad,
grave face, sits, pen in hand, as if even
after a long council and meditation he
still hesitated; Chase, the Secretary of
the Treasury, stands behind the chair
he hopes one day to fill, a very monu-
ment of dignity, looking hopefully
into the glorious future; Stanton,
fierce and determined, has pushed his
chair back, as if he had said all he had
to say; Seward in profile, and Welles
opposite, are evidently talking, while
Smith, Blair and Bates stand respect-
fully back. Look at the picture well—
note its solemnity, the air of serious
and anxious thought over the faces,
and the grouping (though not unduly
studied) dramatic. Now, I will tell you
how that thing really happened. Two
days before the proclamation was
issued there had been a Cabinet meeting
in which no business of an unusual
character was transacted, and the Sec-
retaries were surprised to receive next
morning a call to a meeting to be held
that day. They met promptly at the
White House at 12, and going to Mr.
Lincoln's room found him sitting in
his great arm chair, his long legs
crossed, an open book in his hand, and
a peculiar, amused look on his face.

"Sit down," said he to the gentlemen
as they came in. "I want to read you
something funny." And he went on to
read one of Orpheus C. Kerr's war let-
ters from the Mackerel Brigade, con-
vulsing himself and his hearers with
laughter. But every now and then
they would look at each other, rather
wondering what it all meant. Lincoln
watched the mute inquiries slyly, but
he gave no sign of discovery, finished
his reading, talked about its absurdities
for a few minutes, then suddenly
drew his chair up to the table and ad-
dressed the Cabinet: "Gentlemen,"
said he, "of course you know this
isn't what I sent after for you. I have
a proclamation here," he continued,
opening a paper that had been lying
carelessly on the table, "and I'd like
to have you see it. You need not ex-
press an opinion upon it. I've written
it myself, and I mean to have it pub-
lished to-morrow, but I thought it
would be proper to break it to you
first." They read it; he signed it then
and there, and that is the true story of
the "Signing of the Emancipation
Proclamation." Carpenter is probably
as faithful to facts as any author to
historic scenes. The truth is that
great events are rarely formal. It is
only in trifles that we can stop to think
of appropriate ceremonies.

Daniel Boone's Creed.
Mr. L. A. Sidener, of Woodlawn,
Monroe county, Missouri, called on the
Monroe county Appeal, and showed
an interesting roll of the olden time,
it being a letter written by the famous
pioneer, Daniel Boone, to his sister.
The letter came into Mr. Sidener's pos-
session through his mother-in-law, who
was a grandniece of the great hunter.
We give the letter:

OCTOBER the 19th, 1816.
DEAR SISTER: With pleasure I Red a
Letter from your son Samuel Boone who
informs me that you are yet Living and
in good health considering your age. I
wright to Let you know I have not for-
got you and to inform you of my Sit-
uation Since the Death of your Sister
Rebecca. I Live with flanders Calaway.
But am at present at my son Nathan's
and in tolerable helth. You can guess
at my feelings by your own as we are
so near one age I Need Not write you
of our situation as Samuel Brady or
James grimes Can inform you of every
surroundances Relating to our family
and how we Live in this World and what
chances we shall have in the next we
know not, for my part I am as ignorant
as a child, all the Religion I have, is
Love and fear God, believe in Jesus
Christ, Do all the good to my Neigh-
bors and myself that I can and do as
little harm as I can help; and trust on
God's mercy for the rest, and I believe
God never made a man of principle to
be lost, and I flatter myself Dear Sister
that you are well on your way to
Christianity give my Love to all your
Children and all my friends, farewell
my Dear Sister. DANIEL BOONE.

Mrs. Sarah Boone.
N. B. I Red a letter yesterday from
Sister Hannah pointing by her grandson
Dal Ringe. She and all her children
are Well at present. D. B.

A VIRGINIA railway was made to pay
\$25 for killing a rooster. The engineer
said he spoke to the gentleman with the
whistle as kindly as possible; but when
the fellow dropped one wing on the
ground, raised his good eye heaven-
ward, and commenced whetting his
spur on the rail, forbearance ceased to
be a virtue, and he lit into him with
thirteen freight cars, and forwarded him
to his happy scratching ground by light-
ning express.

STATISTICS show that of the thousands
who die annually a large proportion are
destroyed, not by old age, or by the
natural exhaustion of vitality, but
through intemperance, or disregard,
either on the part of the sufferer or his
parents, of the simplest laws of nature.
Such being the case—and figures can-
not misrepresent facts—the conclusion
is that were the causes of intemperance,
its kindred vices, and a disregard of
natural laws, removed, the average
length of the human lifetime would be
extended proportionately. What agent
most rapidly, harmlessly, and certainly
will eradicate these vices, or the tenden-
cy to them? is the question which has
been as thoroughly and persistently
agitated as has the search for the
Philosopher's stone. The discovery has
been made by Dr. Joseph Walker,
whose widely-known VINEGAR BITTERS
are accomplishing wonders which the
old-fogy doctors never dreamed of.
Try them and judge for yourself, as
thousands are doing all over the coun-
try.

HON. D. C. CLOUD'S great success,
"Monopolies and the People." Big
sales. Agents, see card of the publisher,
ALLEN BROOMHALL, Muscatine, Iowa.

Bronchitis.
This is an irritation or inflammation of the
bronchial tubes which carry the air we breathe
into the lungs. It arises from a cold settled
in the throat, from Catarrh extending to these
parts, from scrofulous affections, and from
severe use of the voice. The irritation from
this latter cause commences in the larynx and
glottis, which are the organs of the voice, and
extending downward, produces hoarseness,
coughing and spitting mucous matter, some-
times mixed with blood. It is chiefly danger-
ous in its tendency to spread into the
lungs, and terminate in consumption. It is
in the cure of severe and obstinate cases of this
disease that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery has achieved unparalleled success, and
won the loudest praise from all who have
used it.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.
MRS. MARY TART, of Elk Point, Dakota Ter-
ritory, called at the World's Dispensary, Aug.
19, 1873, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude
due Dr. Pierce, having been entirely cured of
Catarrh, complicated with Throat Disease, by
the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

DR. WILCOFF'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FE-
VER AND AGUE TONIC.—Wilcoff's tonic has
established itself as the real infallible cure.
It is universally admitted to be the only re-
liable and harmless chill medicine now in use.
Its efficacy is confirmed by thousands of cer-
tificates of the very best people from all parts
of the country. It cures malarious diseases
of every type, from the shaking agues of the
lakes and valleys to the raging fevers of the
tropics. Try it! It has never been known
to fail. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO.,
Proprietors, New Orleans.

DEFORMITY A CRIME.—Not one case
in a thousand of the deformed or our land
need be so if proper and timely treatment were
employed. The doors of the National Surgical
Institute, Indianapolis, Ind., are open alike
to the rich and poor. Thousands of cases
are annually cured at this institution—Diseases
and Deformities of the Joints, Catarrh,
Chronic Diseases, Piles and Fistula. By sending
for a circular full particulars can be obtained.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment may
be administered to children with perfect suc-
cess, in cases of croup, whooping-cough, in-
fluenza, and almost any of the diseases to
which they are liable.—[Com.]

PIMPLES, blotches, and other un-
sightly eruptions of the skin should be gotten
rid of as quickly as possible. Dr. Wilcoff's
TIPID Skin Cure will remove all such
things by purifying the blood.—[Com.]

THOSE who like to see a ragged toe and
dirty stocking will not care for SILVER-
TIPPED Shoes, but those who would rather
have a neat Silver Tip should insist that their
shoe-dealer should always keep them.—[Com.]

A. H. ANDREWS & Co., largest manu-
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